

# Cambria Freeman

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF

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### PERSEVERANCE.

Young man, toiling on obscurely,  
Struggling against an adverse tide,  
With a high and honest purpose,  
Which the mocking world derides;  
Faint not, fear not, brave the current,  
Face the tide, however rude;  
Truth will triumph, thou wilt conquer,  
God will ne'er forsake the good.

Do the proud deride thy calling,  
Mock thine efforts at the start,  
With a scoffing coldness galling,  
To thy proud and honest heart?  
Persevere! Attain a station,  
With the gifted and the great;  
Those who now scorn thy vocation,  
Then will gladly kiss thy feet.

Has the venom'd breath of slander,  
On thy lonely name been blown,  
From the serpent's mouth of envy,  
That would keep the worthy down?  
Persevere! with manly patience,  
Time will heal the wound you feel,  
From thy name such taint will vanish,  
As the breath from burnished steel.

For encouraging example,  
Scan the names on history's page,  
Those who most their race have honored,  
Giving glory to their age;  
Names of Newton and of Franklin,  
And a hundred more as bright,  
Names that gain increasing glory,  
With the world's increasing light.

Persevere! Unceasing effort,  
Humble though, and weak it be,  
May overcome what'er opposes,  
And work miracles for thee;  
Be assured reward will follow,  
Good will come to him who strives,  
Honest industry will prosper,  
Heaven helps those who help themselves.

### THE MIDNIGHT PERIL; OR, SAVED BY A PHANTOM.

The night of the 16th of October, 18—, shall I ever forget its piteous darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the forest, and the incessant pour-down of rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine through which I could hear the roar of a turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought of the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been cautioned to keep in the right road?

"Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes deceiving me?"

I stopped, looking out to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if this wind would seize me bodily and hurl me over the precipitous descent.

It was a light—think Providence—it was a light, and no "ignis fatuus" to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Hullo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a claxon. I plunged onward through the tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be almost preferable to the companionship of the wrinkled, winnowed old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanted?" he snarled forth, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R— station?"

"Yes, R— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Can you tell of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down here by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for a night? I could pay them well."

"His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop there sometimes."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight onward until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all on one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my companion's knock. He whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble word of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," said I, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly," said the woman, starting up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?"

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no."

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me; only make haste please."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded closely against a board partition, and a pine table, with two chairs, formed the sole attempt at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?" said she.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk to R— station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no agreeable sensations.

"I will sit down and write to Alice."

I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone hearth, and my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table, eating—a short, stout villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and very muddy pantaloons.

I asked for writing material and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice,"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say, could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper, I happened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye, observing me through the board partition, or was it but my fancy? There was a crack there, but only black darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something sparkled beneficently at me.

I took out my watch—it was only one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So placing my watch close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless doors with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first, I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A limonous softness seemed to glow through the room—midlight of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in flowing garments of white, with her long gold hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. In the same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded, I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds before, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumped some eight or ten feet into the tangled bushes below, and, as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth deceitful voice of the woman.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back again, "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonizing shudder ran through me. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what unguided my footsteps—I shall never know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of light against the eastern sky, I was close to the high road seven miles from B—.

Once at the town, I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After long searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty, nor birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us two years. I don't think, though, that they'll come back here at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently, I received a letter from my sister who was with Alice in her English home—a letter, whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact she had been confined to her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late, the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden, she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts to restore her to life and animation seemed vain. I was just about to send for the doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in the bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my husband!"

All our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the 17th of October, or rather on the morning of the 18th—where and how we cannot tell—but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthine skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, spirits or apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England, in body, on the morning of October 18th, her spirit surely stood before me in New York at the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.—Max Abder says: "A young man writes to us as follows: 'What are the human brains composed of? Do they really contain phosphorus, and is there anything a man can eat to make them more active?'

"The brain is composed of seventy-five and a half parts of water, seven parts of albuminous matter, six parts of salt, and eleven and a half parts of fat—that is, generally. Some brains differ. Yours, we imagine, is chiefly constructed of fat. We should judge that it contained about six thousand parts of fat to three or four of the other things. There is no remedy for this excess, that we know of, but to hold your head in some place like an oven, or a blast furnace, and permit the brain gradually to melt. It may destroy the brain to do this, but we cannot perceive that you will be worse off without brains than with the kind you have. Any change, in your case, will be for the better. We charge nothing for this advice. We give it freely, because we sympathize with you; a fellow-creature who has six thousand parts of fat in his brain is entitled to Christian compassion. We feel as if we could loan such a man money, if we had any that was of no use to us."—SUNDAY DISPATCH.

A NAUGHTY YOUNG MAN.—The Washington Capital tells this: "At an elegant dinner party given in this city, the infant terrible of the family was permitted to occupy a seat near one of the most distinguished guests. This bet nois is much given to conundrums, which are not always appropriate. Moreover, the young man has a sister who is a shining belle in society. Eliza is the name of the young lady, but the young esquire will call her Lize. The company were startled by the voice of the youngster asking, 'Why is father like the devil?' "An awkward pause ensued. "Then he shouted out, 'Because he is the father of Lize!' (Dies.) That boy did not get his desert, for he was sent to bed."

SOMEbody says: "People who imagine there is no cotton raised at the North are mistaken. There are thousands of women who raise a pound or so of cotton every time they draw a breath."

WHEN is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.

### A THICK SKULL.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN OF THE TRADE WINDS.

"That may be all true, what you tell me, about his being a man and a brother," and created by the same Almighty power; and all that; but it stands to reason that if he did make 'em both, he made the nigger's skull a heap site hard'n the white man's; leastwise, I'll tell you what I seen once with my own eyes, if you like to take me down."

We were sitting—my friend, the old sailor, and I—in a comfortable parlor of a public house, a table before us, on which were two mugs of ale, two pipes—not the short abortions of briar-wood, but veritable "yards of clay"—and, having lit our pipes, I produced my note-book and pencil, and proceeded to "take" the old mariner "down" as follows:

"It ain't much of a yarn, bless you, but it's true, and that's more'n can be said of all what goes in your paper, and it shows what I was a talking of about niggers' heads."

"I was afore the mast in the—well it's curious I can't remember the name of that ship—but the captain he was an infernal rascal, likewise so was the mate. We was bound from Havre to New Orleans, in the month of December, 1850. There wasn't no cargo to speak of into her, only a few burr-stones, just enough to keep her out on her feet, and ne'er a passenger either in the cabin or 'twixt decks. I wish I could recollect the name of that ship, but it's gone from me. I know she was a low-waisted ship, with a high poop coming just fore'd of the mizzen mast, and 'Gullan' fore'cast'l, and from the foremast aft to the main-hatch she had a house-covering over the fore-hatch first; then there was a bulkhead, then the passenger's gallery, then another bulkhead, and then the ship's galley, and abaft this again, a couple of rooms for the third mate and carpenter, and abaft this again, a space for about a couple dozen of passengers. I can't just remember that ship's name; but I tell you all this to show you that what I am telling you is true."

"We was bound, as I say, from Havre to New Orleans, and we had a crew of twenty men and boson, and half of them was black; all the port watch was black, and all the star-board watch was white; she didn't carry no third mate, didn't that ship, and so of course the boson was in the port watch, and he was black, too."

"He was a big lump of a nigger, was the boson, weighing 230 pounds if an ounce, and he was a good sailor man, too, and could get aloft and out to a weather earing as spry as the best of us."

"Well, 'twas on the 7th day of December, 1856—you see this is the truth I'm telling you—that we left Havre, and we had the devil's own time of it getting down channel. I can tell you—nothing but gales of wind from the westward all the time, and she so light, with nothing in her but them heasty burr-stones, that she wouldn't hold on worth a tinker, and we never could stay her, even when 'twas moderate, for just as soon as she'd get ahead to the wind she'd stop and get stern way and fall off again, and we'd have to let her wear round on her keel. So I reckon it was fully twelve days afore we got to 'Cushant.' Then arter we got out clear of the French coast, we got a regular snorter from about west-south-west, and it bring us down to a couple of close reefed topsails and a reefed foresail, and under this short sail she druv away into the Bay of Bisky, and I really thought she'd roll the masts out of her, with nothing in her but them burr-stones."

"What's burr-stones?"

"Why, they're them stones what they cement together and make mill-stones of, and are as hard as the heart of Pharo. Well, as good luck would have it, everything held on, and we weathered out that gale and a good many more afore we got down to the trades; and we really thought we never should get them. Had to go clock down to twenty, and we ought to have got them in twenty-five or twenty-six, you know. But we did get them at last, and good and fresh they were, and we spared away to the westward with everything on to her, stunsails aloft and abaft, and the wind about two points on the star-board quarter. Well, as soon as we got the fine weather, the old man 'gin orders to take off the hatches, both the upper and the 'twixt-deck hatches, so as to air the ship; leastwise that was one reason, and another was to give his chickens a run. You see he had laid in a lot of chickens, and they had got pretty poor, penned up in the coops in all the hard weather we had, and so we put the hold ladder up and down the main hatch and let the chickens out of the coops, and give them the free run of the ship; and they'd go down into the hold and peck away among the burr-stones and imagine they were ashore. It's mighty hard for any one to keep awake nights in the trades; the weather is so fine and the breeze so steady, that if the officer of the deck and the man at the wheel

keeps awake it's as much as they can do, and the rest of the watch just lie down on the deck and caulk. One night, arter we'd been a running to the westward for three or four days, the port-watch was on deck, and the old boson was sitting on the main-hatch combing, and had dozed off to sleep. It was about six bells of the first watch, and the wind just canted a couple of points, as it will do, you know, in the trades; and draw'd the yards rather fine, and the mate he sings out, 'See fore-lances!' Well, this roused the fore-lance, and whether he forgot the hatches being off, and tried to go over the hatch-bar or what-not, I never understood rightly, for of course I was below at the time; but, however it might be, over he went, over the combing and down head first onto them burr-stones.

"What was the depth of hold?"

"Why, twenty-four feet when she was light, but there was at least three feet of stones, so he didn't tumble more'n twenty-one feet."

"Enough! I believe you my boy; it was enough. Well, one of the other darkies went down and bent the fore-lance on to him, and they pulled him up and laid him on the hatches, alongside of the combings, and arter the mate got the yards trimmed he made an examination of him. He could not find any bones broken, but he seemed dead enough notwithstanding, so the mate goes in and reports to the 'old man' that the boson was killed. Then the captain he come out and made the steward get a basin, and he examines him too, but couldn't find any signs of life. He got a lot of ether and aquafortis and other trash out of the medicine chest, and stuck up the boson's nose, but it wasn't no use, he seemed to have slipped his wind for a full one. Then as a last resort, the captain goes in and gets half a tumbler full of French brandy, for he know'd if there was the last life in the boson he'd got for that; but he never minded it no more'n the babe unborn, and then the old man give up, and said, 'He's dead, sure enough!' and he gave the brandy to one of the other claps what was standing by; and he put it under his shirt in a quarter less'n no time.

"Lay him upon the hatch," says the old man, "and put a tarpolin over him, and in the morning saw him up, and we'll bury him at eight bells when the watches relieve," and accordin' this was done.

"Well, our side come up at 12 o'clock, and the claps in the watch told us all about it, and we was sorry to hear it, for the boson was a good sailor man if he was a nigger. In the morning when it come daylight the mate give a couple of the claps a piece of an old 'Gullan' soil, and they got their palms and needles and went to work to sew the boson up. They got him all finished nice, and stuck the last stitch through his nose to keep his head straight with the seam, and left the needle sticking through there to make a cross like, which is proper, when the boson lie on e'p, and wants to know what the blazes they was a doing on. Well when they heard him speak they ripp'd him open agin, and he kind of come to, and wanted to know if it was eight bells yet; for you see he didn't know he'd been dead, and he thought it was still the first watch. When he found out how it was, and that these claps had hid him sewed up, he was awful mad, and promised to hammer them both as soon as he got well enough."

"Well, the mate he come along, and when he found that the boson wasn't dead he let him go to his room and turn in, and didn't insist on his washing decks, which was a wonder, cause they was very strict about such things; on that ship, and there was no sickens allowed, and there was a notice stuck up in each fore-castle to that effect; but you see this was an extraordinary case, and so the mate he tells these two claps that had sewed the boson up to help him lorne' to his room alongside the boiler-plate I spoke of and let him turn 'em."

When the old man comes up at seven bells to take the sun, the boson he looks all to ask if he might lay up. "Hillo!" says the old man, when he seen him, "ain't you dead?" "No, sah," says the boson, "I ain't dead; but my head feels very bad, and I'd like to lay up for a day or so."

"Well, the old man he considers the matter and says, 'Boson, you know it's agin the rules of this ship,' says he, 'for any one to lay up, but seen' how 's'ays he, 'that you've tumbled down them in hatch and had killed yourself, and as the weather is likely to be fine I'll let you have forty-eight hours, but see that you're out on deck when your time is up.'"

"So the boson said, 'Thankes, sah,' and went below, and at the end of forty-eight hours came out again as good as ever."

"Well, there didn't nothing more as I recollect on happen; we made the land all right, and run along the south side of San Domingo and tortuz that side of Cuba, and so along the south side of Cuba, up through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf, and so on to the bar and up the river to the city."

At that time, you know, nigger crews had to be put in the calaboose and kept till the ship went away agin, and the ship had to pay their board. Now it so happened that over in Mobile Bay, nigger crew over in Mobile Bay, and there was a nigger crew in New Orleans called 'Black Wash,' and he had an order for a crew for a ship in Mobile Bay, and what does he do but make a bargain with our 'old man,' and give him \$10 a head for these niggers to take them over there. They was glad enough to go, cause they didn't want to go to the calaboose; and so the 'old man' he pays them off, and 'Wash' takes them over to Mobile—I reckon if he gin the 'old man' \$10 for them he got \$20 for them when they got over there; but anyhow there they went, and our 'old man' thought he had made a good trade. He didn't make much on the boson, however, for when the cargo was discharged, and he came to settle with his consignees, he had to pay for two burr-stones which that nigger had broke, that night when he went down the main hatch."

BETTER THAN A JOKE.—According to the Boston Post General Butler grows more and more jocular every day.—This is the way he carries out his refunding process, according to that paper: "Gen. Butler has received letters from various parts of the country requesting him to pay the writers the three cents which he estimates is the proportion of extra tax that will be imposed upon each taxpayer in consequence of the Congressional salary steal. The General replies promptly, and instead of fraking he puts a three-cent postage stamp on the letter, which is worded thus: "Dear Sir: You will find your three cents on the outside of this letter."

Yours truly, "DESA. F. BUTLER."

The General cannot, however, get rid of personal applications in this way. "Push on the column!"

Apogee.—The following squib, neatly printed on a card, is beginning to be quietly circulated. It is, we believe, from the pen of Eliza Wright. Being somewhat epical in its character, it might be entitled "The Beehive."

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR?

Uncle Sam had a roost for his hens, Where they roosted by thousands and tens, The motion to rob it was Blot's, The motion to rob it was Blot's.

"Three men of my mind, I feel," Said Ben, in a solemn appeal, "Low wages do tempt us to steal."

The force of this moral idea Was so mighty and powerful, you see, 'Til to do it they couldn't agree.

So the liberties they gave! Ben a booby, And his fingers they suddenly noosed, Two pellets per man from the roost."

Uncle Sam is now watching the spot, To discover a man who will not Go home with a tail in his pot.

Home March 31, A. D. 1873.

SPIDERS TRAVELING BY BALLOON.—A correspondent of the Scientific American relates a singular incident. In company with other persons he was crossing Seneca Lake on the 14th of October, when a small wa-e was seen near the center of the lake, caused by the moving of some insects. Upon investigation the matter it was found that three spiders were guttering over the surface of the water, and attached to them was a single thread, the size of a knitting-needle, extending in the air to the height of thirty feet, at an angle of sixty degrees, and terminating with an enormous balloon-shaped web. This latter was judged to be eight feet long and five feet wide, with straps fastened to the main thread something similar to those of a balloon, and it was managed, apparently, by an innumerable number of the insects, stationed at proper intervals.

The party attempted to obtain a closer view, but when within a few feet of the web it began to rise, though the spider, which proved to be about the size of a house fly, was brought back by the stroke of an oar. The balloon went upward and upward until lost to sight.

A HEN'S CREW.—A correspondent of the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph relates the following: A hen and a large flock of chickens were in the habit of coming round on north bank down, and were rather troublesome. One day Miss C. put out a favorite cat, saying, "There, Julia, if you can catch one of these chickens you shall have the whole of it!" No sooner said than done—the whole chicken was caught and eaten. The hen came usual next day with her chickens, but never after that day did she come without the company of another hen, which in turn took her position between the hen and chickens and the house-door, and marched like any faithful sentinel back and forward in the space. If the cat made her appearance, she would fly after her, and drive her away with such vigor that the cat was glad to run. "Julia" never got another of those chickens. Now how did this mother hen communicate and make the other hen comprehend her loss, and the service she required? This is a simple fact.

A LITTLE BOY being asked, "What is the chief out of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."